

true to life; heart, and the lines keep the house in continual laughter.

Strange to say, much of the fun concerns the Bible—yet without offense. Kitty MacKay and her chum, Mag Duncan, are discussing scriptural guidance in human affairs. "Do ye mind," asks Kitty, "where it says in yer gude book, 'Unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other?'"

"It does na say that in my Bible," replies the belligerent Mag. "I cut it out!"

Following the year-and-a-half run of "Within the Law" at the Eltinge theater, A. H. Woods offers in that playhouse another melodrama, this time with the scenes laid in Russia.

It is called "The Yellow Ticket," and the author is Michael Morton. The title refers to a kind of ticket given by the police to women of the underworld in Russian cities. A young girl of good character is forced by circumstances to accept one of these tickets, getting into perils which cause her to kill the chief of the secret police and to seek succor at the hands of a brave American newspaper correspondent.

A remarkably fine cast includes Florence Reed as the heroine, John Barrymore as the journalist, John Mason as the police chief, and Emmett Corrigan, Julian L'Estrange and Macey Harlam in other important roles.

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## OUR CITIES ARE LEARNING; BUT DON'T YOU THINK VERY, VERY SLOWLY?

The folks in New York city last year paid for gas, electricity and local travel an average of \$36 apiece. They paid this to private monopoly, which took a fat toll of profit.

It was fair and away the biggest tax they paid. The city cleaned the streets—at cost. The city toted the garbage—at cost. The city did all the disagreeable public service, in which there wasn't a big profit. But the services in which there was a big profit were farmed out to a few, who thus became privileged and had a money stake in squeezing out of the people all they could squeeze.

That was the condition in the largest American city at the beginning of the 14th year of the twentieth century. With few exceptions, it was the condition in all our cities.

We had only begun to learn that if we could, by co-operation, do the dirty work, in which there is expenses without profit, we might easily do the easy work in which the profit is large, and turn that profit into the general account.

It seems odd that we should have been so long in making that simple discovery.

Do you imagine that by the beginning of the twenty-first century of Christian civilization there will remain in free-schooled America a city so dense as to keep for itself all the lean while allowing a few to monopolize the fat?

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### WANTS SOFT SHIP

Binks—What about that \$10 you owe me?

Winks—You must wait till my soft ship comes home.

Binks—What do you mean?

Winks—Why, they've all been hard-ships, so far!

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### DON'T YOU SEE?

Jinks—Why don't you use your wondrous hair-restorer yourself, if it is so good?

Barber—Ah, sars! You not understand. Look at my assistant; I represent "before use," and he is so "after use."